

Hotel laboratories of night  
Pulse purple crystal cries  
Tearing fat December terrors  
Like slashed sewer rats --  
Green forever cries suck  
Electric marrows for love  
And finding home  
Phosphorescent opal bones --  
Poiniard cries  
Green glass membrane walls  
And blue chimes fly  
Forever half-past self.

-- Steve Rosenberg

jane's dawn

two forms cross a trembling landscape.  
two riders in the mythical light  
orient to the escaping moon. the trees  
separate from sparse redness  
to glow upon their path. one rider  
is tall, and carries an oblique silence.

the tapestry of approaching birds  
textures the light with morning.  
one rider is tall, and carries  
an oblique beauty. her streaming form  
fades with the mist and the distance  
down their soundless path. the trees  
lead a broken lane toward the moon.

two forms enter the horizon. the sun  
retracts its shadows towards the bases  
of the trees. a hawk revolves  
in the tilted distance. one rider  
is tall, and her hair like a  
hand extended, covers the shy moon.

-- Erik Kiviat